

Water Dance by Thomas Locker

SOME PEOPLE SAY that I am one thing.
Others say that I am many.
Ever since the world began
I have been moving in an endless circle.
Sometimes I fall from the sky.

I am the rain.

Sometimes I cascade.
I tumble
down,
down,
over the moss-covered rocks,
through the forest shadows.

I am the mountain stream.

At the foot of the mountains,
I leap from a stone cliff.
Spiraling.
Plunging.

I am the waterfall.

In the shadows of the mountain,
I am still and deep.
I fill
and overflow.

I am the lake.

I wind through broad, golden valleys
joined by streams,
joined by creeks.
I grow ever wider,
broader and deeper.

I am the river.

I pass through a gateway
of high stone palisades,
leaving the land behind.
Cool silver moonlight
sparkles and dances
on my waves.

I am the sea.

Drawn upward
by warm sunlight,
in white-silver veils
I rise into the air.
I disappear.

I am the mist.

In thousands of shapes I reappear
high above the earth in the blue sky.
I float.
I drift.

I am the clouds.

Carried by winds
from distant seas
I move,
growing heavier,
growing darker,
returning.

I am the storm front.

At the wall of the mountains,
I rise up
as gleaming power-filled towers
in the darkened sky.

I am the thunderhead.

I blind the sky with lightning.
The earth trembles with my thunder.
I rage.
I drench the mountainside.

I am the storm.

Storms come.
Storms pass.
I am countless droplets of rain
left floating in the silent air.
I reflect all the colors of sunlight.

I am the rainbow.

I am one thing.
I am many things.

I am water.

This is my dance through our world.